

ALL NEW YORK BOWS TO THE REAL MISS MANHATTAN

Audrey Munson, Who Tops the Municipal Building as Civic Pride and Decorates Other Parts of the City in Various Guises, to Typify New York Femininity on Manhattan Bridge



"The Three Graces" By Isidore Konti, Posed by Miss Munson



Miss Audrey Munson



Fountain on Riverside Drive by Allen George Newman



Miss Munson "Miss Manhattan"

Photo by Arnold Genthe N.Y.



Miss Munson as Autumn



In The "Spirit of Commerce" Group by C.A. Heber, Manhattan Bridge.



Miss Munson as Spring.

MISS MANHATTAN is here, and here to stay—the real Miss Manhattan at last. She will have her place on the bridge after which she is called.

The New York girl who has posed for this work by C. A. Heber, the sculptor, is herself a typical Miss Manhattan. In recent years many men and women have made the acquaintance in picture and sculpture of this young woman. She is Miss Audrey Marie Munson, and it is said she has posed for more public decorative works than any one else. Over a hundred artists agree that if the name of Miss Manhattan belongs to any one in particular it is to this young woman with the laughing eyes, smooth, sleek hair and features that lend themselves to everything from a blessed damsel to a laughing dancing girl by Robert I. Aitken.

"It seems funny to be called Miss Manhattan," said Miss Munson laughingly. "Nevertheless I suppose I must get used to it, for a lot of artists call me by that name now, and even folks outside of the artists."

"How long have I been posing? When did I begin? It was all an accident, and until an hour or so before I did pose such a thing never entered my mind. "About four years ago, mother and I were out shopping. We were walking down Broadway when we became aware of the fact that a man was walking first behind us and then ahead of us and looking back. Then when we stopped to look in at a shop window he came up and spoke to mother."

"He asked if I was a model. Naturally I said no. Then he asked if he couldn't take some pictures of me and he wanted mother to take me to his studio. We didn't like the idea at all, but finding out that he was one of the best photographers in town, mother and I went. He took some photographs, and I had a head almost antique in line, and began to tell his artist friends about me. From that on I have posed."

"As a rule I am in the studios posing from 9 or half past in the morning until 5 or 6 at night. There is no time for late suppers, and I shouldn't go to

them if there was; a model who means business cannot go out and stay up all hours of night.

"Posing is very nerve trying; to stand in one position for half an hour, no matter how easy the position may be, is really a strain. To sit still in the same position when one is not thinking of it is simple, but when you come to concentrate your mind on the work and endeavor to hold expression of face as well as figure for thirty minutes without resting, it is pretty tiring. If a girl's nerves are not in excellent condition and her muscles strong and ready for such a test, she makes but a wobbly sort of model and the artist cannot work."

"Another thing against the late hours is your appearance. Models who take their work seriously know that they must look well, they take care of their complexion and their tempers, for it does not do to carry a nervous grouch to a studio with you."

"Girls who go to the studios to pose thinking it fun and a nice diversion will soon find their mistake. It is hard work and the girls who fail are generally those who are not sincere."

Do you remember the work of A. B. Wenzel over the proscenium arch of the New Amsterdam Theatre—the riot of graceful figures? Miss Munson was the model chosen for this work and in one of the figures her portrait is almost exactly given.

Up on top of the Municipal Building stands the figure of "Civic Pride" made by Adolph Weinmann. There Miss Munson is again, while down on the Custom House she is to be found in several of the pieces of work.

In the Hotel Astor Isidore Konti's "Three Graces" were all made from Miss Munson. Up on Riverside Drive Allen George Newman's fountain, "Music of the Water," shows another pose of this young woman. Outside the Little Theatre the figures on the tablet were made from her by Mr. Heber, and Robert Aitken used her for the finishing of the figures in the doors of the tombs of Mr. Greenhut and John W. Gates. James Francis Brown has made many decorations in which he has posed Miss Munson, and his "Darkness and Dawn" is

soon to hang in the grill of a new hotel.

William de Leftwich Dodge has decorated a line of lake steamboats with sketches of Miss Manhattan.

The man who has made her famous as Miss Manhattan is Charles A. Heber, and

his studio is located in the oddest corner of the city you could imagine. Twenty-fourth street over near Eighth avenue would be about the last place in the city to look for anything suggesting the Latin quarter; but there, sandwiched in among a lot of flat houses, is a door that looks as though it belonged to a trucking stable, and once it did. Inside one finds an unevenly paved court and at the back a large stable, the birthplace of Miss Manhattan. This large, roomy stable is just the place for figures of the heroic size of those for the Manhattan Bridge.

"Yes, she is the real Miss Manhattan now," said Mr. Heber, in speaking of Miss Munson, "and really she ought to be, too. She has grit, determination and, best of all, a sense of humor."

"One rainy day the fire went out and it couldn't be coaxed or coaxed into burning, and," Mr. Heber looked dismal. "I was in the midst of this work and Audrey put in an appearance at the appointed time. I told her it would be impossible to work because it was cold and the fire was out. She knew that I was very anxious to accomplish a certain point in the work and she looked both disappointed and scornful."

"What do you think she did? She just sent the studio boy out to get some braziers, and said she guessed we could keep warm with those. He secured three from a nearby Italian and there we worked all the morning with the open coals glowing in their kettles. She always has a way to get out of a difficulty, and that appealed to me as being a very clever stroke on her part."

When the fire episode is mentioned Miss Manhattan smiles and says, "Well, we had to work and didn't want to freeze. But did Mr. Heber ever tell you of the time I tried to scalp him? Oh! I didn't have one of those cute little hatchets that the Indians used to carry, just my hands and a good scare, that's all."

"One day when Mr. Heber was hard at work and I was on a sort of pedestal, I nearly fell. The pedestal was standing on one side of the work. Mr. Heber's back was to me, and he didn't see the pedestal sway just ever so little, nor hear a creak. "There were only two things to do, grab for the figure of the work in soft wax and bring both it and myself to grief, or to grab Mr. Heber. I chose the latter."

"I made a grab in the air toward him and caught his hair in both hands. Now, if you ever saw an astonished person in your life that person was Mr.

Heber. He didn't shout, but just said, 'Oh!' as his head was pulled back. At the same time the pedestal came down with a crash and I guess Mr. Heber thought the earth had broken in two in the middle. I slid to the floor and sat in a heap with several bits of his hair in my hands. When Mr. Heber found that I was not hurt, only scared, he said in the most matter of fact way, 'Just like a man!'

"Why didn't you tell me you were going to do that, Audrey?" "Well, I just had to laugh, and so did he, for instantly he realized the ridiculous side of that remark. Go home? Not a bit of it! We worked the rest of the day, but I did not take my place on a pedestal again. I sat in lowly places."

Common Sense About Flies.

Don't waste your time swatting flies this summer unless you have your house well screened. Fly swatters are a refinement to be used only in houses or rooms where all the doors and windows are screened. Fly swatters are merely a finishing process—a matter of refinement, if you please—to be used in a well screened room or house where there are perhaps never over a dozen flies. By means of fly swatters you can lay low the last fly in a room, but if the room is not well screened you might as well blow against the wind as to try to keep all the flies out by swatting.

The first thing to do therefore is to put up fly screens. Don't put it off another week or another month. Do it now, and get the benefit of screens all spring, summer and fall. Screens do not need to be expensive to be effective. In fact in many instances a window can be screened perfectly with a mosquito netting for 15 cents, while a 25 cent ill fitting extension screen will let the flies come in by the hundreds.

For kitchen windows, where it is rarely necessary to open or close the shutters, there is no better way of screening than by means of mosquito netting tacked to the outside of the window frame. Mosquito netting will usually last an entire season, and it does not interfere in the least with raising or lowering the windows or with the inside shades or blinds. Of course if you have the money there is no objection to getting made to order screens to fit all the windows, but they will cost from \$1 to \$1.50 apiece, against 15 cents for the mosquito netting.